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Title: Sky and Blood

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How long, we think.  
How low, we sink.  
How far, we wonder.  
How can we know?

What is the wind but  
the larger breath,  
what is the sea but

the blood of the earth.  
Can we drink the  
water and breathe the  
wind without thinking  
of it?

When is the mind  
at peace? When it is  
empty.  
When is the mind  
empty? It cannot be,  
for every thought  
multiplies, builds a  
body for itself,  
dancing free inside  
us, in an infinite  
spiral. but we know  
nothing of that.  
Therefore, it may not  
be. Is that such a sad  
thing?

-Perianwyr